

favoured regions and the choicest intellects. The Persian, whose very being is poetry, the Arab, whose subtle mind could penetrate into the very secret shrine of Nature, the Greek, whose acute perceptions seemed granted only for the creation of the beautiful — these are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. The arts are yielded to the flat-nosed Franks. And they toil, and study, and invent theories to account for their own incompetence. Now it is the climate, now the religion, now the government; everything but the truth, everything but the mortifying suspicion that their organization may be different, and that they may be as distinct a race from their models as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the Negro.<sup>1</sup>

The travellers made, of course, an expedition to Marathon, where, however, discomfort seems to have effaced in Disraeli's mind the memory of its heroic past. 'I can give you no idea of the severe hardship and privation of present Grecian travel. Happy are we to get a shed for nightly shelter, and never have been, fortunate enough to find one not swarming with vermin. My sufferings in this way are great.' They 'lived for a week on the wild boar of Pentelicus and the honey of Hymettus, both very good,' though, the former, apparently, was 'not as good as Bradenham pork': and then early in December they continued their voyage round Sunium, of which they had 'a most splendid view,' and through 'the clustering Cyclades' to Constantinople.

We have reached the Dardanelles, a capital passage — what a road to a great city! — narrower and much longer than the Straits of Gibraltar, but not with such sublime shores. Asia and Europe look more kindly on each other than Europe and her more sultry sister.

The breeze has again sprung up; we have one hundred and thirty miles to Constantinople.

It is near sunset, and Constantinople is in full sight; it baffles all description, though so often described. An immense mass of buildings, cupolas, cypress groves, and minarets. I feel an excitement which I thought was dead.<sup>2</sup>

<&, Ft V.ch. 19.

\* Letters, p. 50.